



2
OF 8
JUN 00

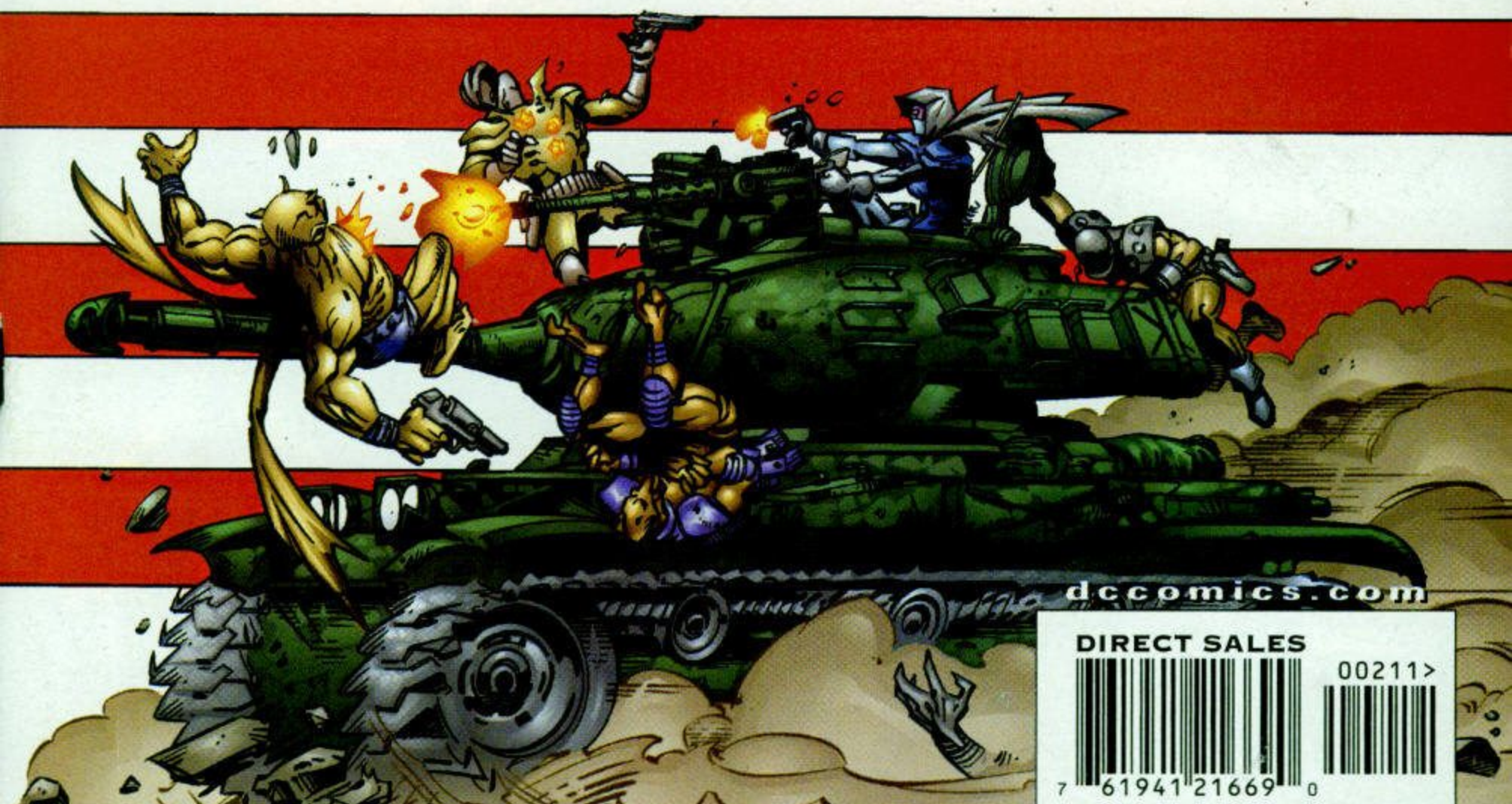
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

CREATURE

COMMANDOS™



KEEP
'EM
ROLLING!



dccomics.com

DIRECT SALES

00211>



7 61941 21669 0

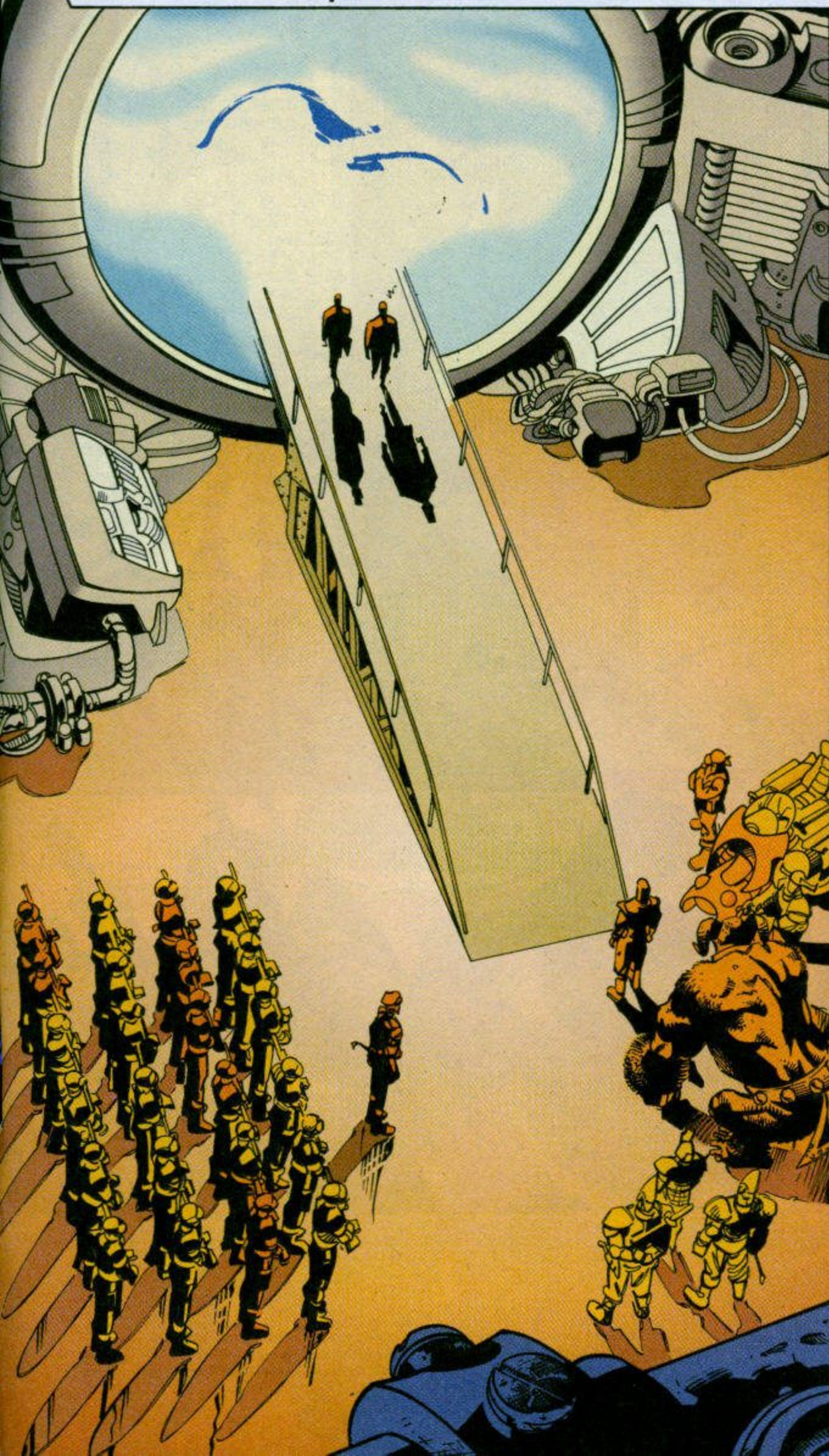
\$2.50 US \$3.95 CAN

TRUMAN • EATON • KRYSSING

TOMORROW.

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN IS A SCAR

TIMOTHY TRUMAN-writer SCOT EATON-penciler RAY KRYSSING-inker KEN LOPEZ-letterer JOHN KRALISZ-colorist
JAMISON-separations L.A. WILLIAMS-assistant editor PETER TOMASI-editor



ANOTHER WORLD...
ANOTHER DIMENSION!





CREATURE COMMANDOS 2. June, 2000. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Copyright © 2000 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada. DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros.—A Time Warner Entertainment Company

• JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher • MIKE CARLIN, Executive Editor •
 • PETER TOMASI, Editor • L. A. WILLIAMS, Assistant Editor • RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director • PATRICK CALDON, VP-Finance & Operations •
 • DOROTHY CROUCH, VP-Licensed Publishing • TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor • JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions •
 • ALISON GILL, Executive Director-Manufacturing • LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel • JIM LEE, Editorial Director • WildStorm •
 • JOHN NEE, VP & General Manager-WildStorm • BOB WAYNE, VP-Direct Sales • KINGDAUBACH - DCP



I'M AFRAID THAT OUR
WARLIKE FRIENDS ARE
BETTER VERSED IN THE
ARTS OF *ATTRITION*
THAN THEY ARE
NEGOTIATION.

ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE...

...KRAAD THE
CONQUEROR, WARLORD
OF KRANAL...

...AND XOTAR,
THE WEAPONS
MASTER!



KRAAD! XOTAR!
SIMON MAGUS HAS
TOLD ME SO MUCH
ABOUT YOU!

HEY, HOW ABOUT
I GET A PICTURE
OF US TO TAKE
BACK TO THE HOME
OFFICE, HUH?



READY,
SIR?

FAASH

OKAY,
BOYS!
SAY...

!!





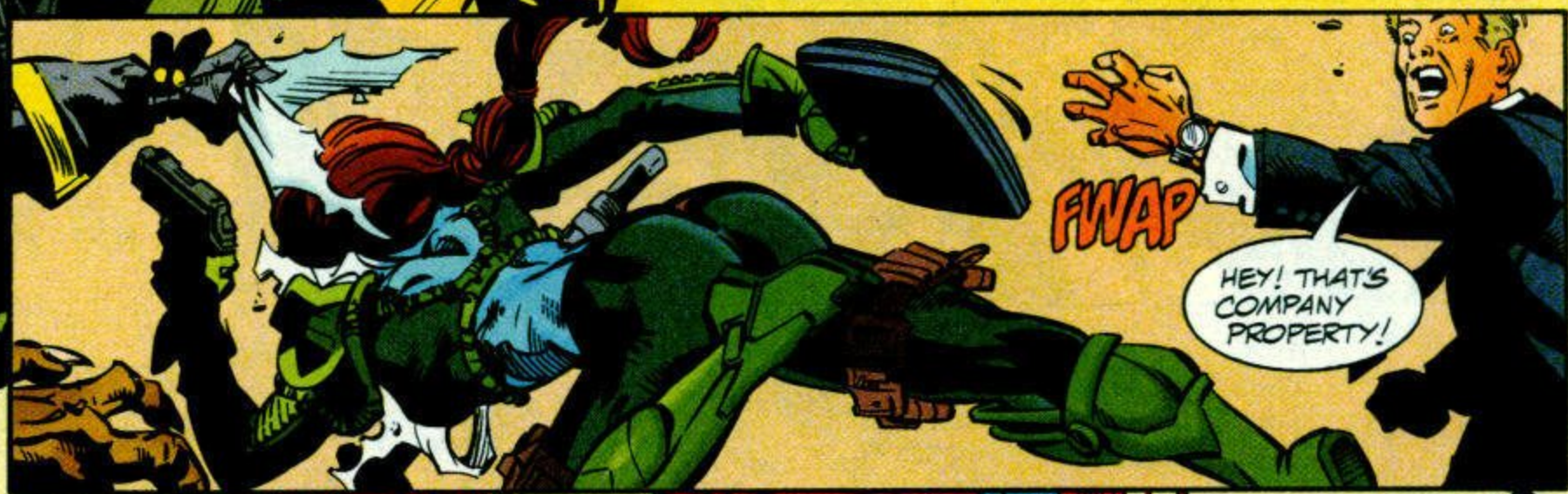
RRARRR!

YOU KNOW
SOMETHING,
YOUR
HIGHNESS...?

...SOMETIMES I WONDER
THE SAME THING MYSELF!











YES. A STRANGE-LOOKING THING, EVEN FOR AN EARTHER. BUT TROLL KING IS RIGHT.

WELL, WHAT NOW? SHE SAW EVERYTHING!



SHE HAD THE STINK OF EARTH ABOUT HER!

EARTH? WITH THAT FACE?



WE GO AHEAD...



WITH OUR PLANS.

LORD SATURNA!



"HAIL ME."



AN INFINITY
AWAY.

EARTH...

...AND THE HEADQUARTERS
OF PROJECT M.

...NO
I'M NOT.

YES
YOU
ARE.

OH, NO
I'M NOT.

KID,
LOOK AT
ME...

...YOU'RE
DEAD.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU CREEPS
DID TO ME. BUT I'M
NOT A STIFF.

THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.

THE IMPOSSIBLE IS
SOMETHING YOU
BETTER GET USED
TO, MARINE.



WE LOST SIGHT OF THE REST OF THE PLATOON IN THE SMOKE. THE SARGE TRIED TO RALLY THE OTHERS...



...AND THEN... AND THEN...





THERE'S
A REASON YOU
CAN'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING AFTER
THAT, GRUNT.

YOU
DIED.

WE'VE BEEN OVER
THIS BEFORE,
SOLDIER. IN 1945
YOU DIED...



...AND SO DID
YOUR SERGEANT
AND THE REST
OF YOUR
PLATOON!



I AIN'T
DEAD!

SLAM





OH, YEAH?

WHAT'S THAT THING ON YOUR HAND?



.50 CALIBRE MINI-CANNON. 575 ROUNDS PER MINUTE. HOUSED IN A DIRADIUM MORPHALLOY MOBILIZATION DEVICE.



EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE?



WELL, YES, NO.

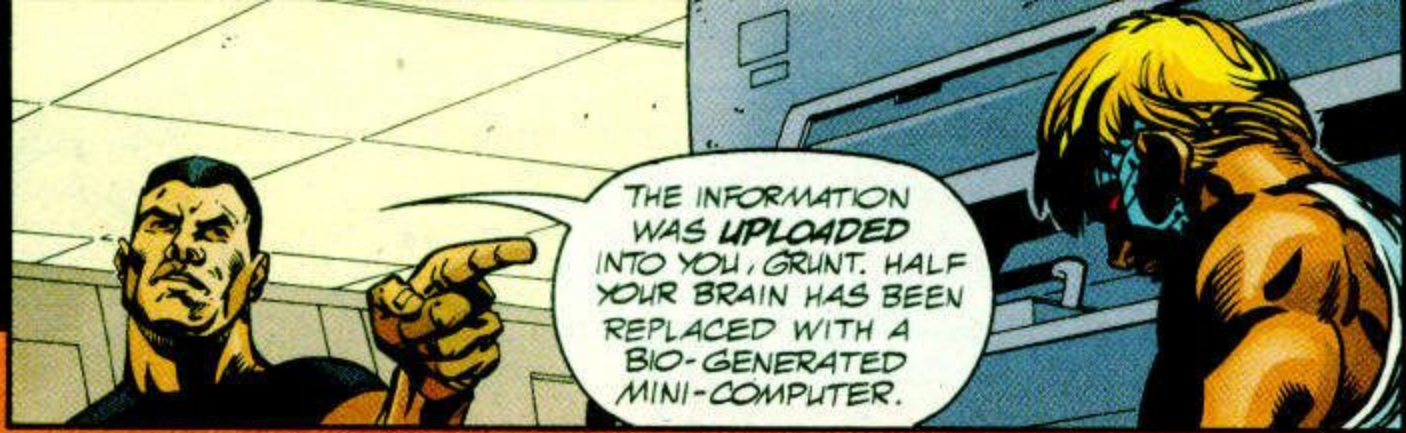
I MEAN YES.

I... I...



SURE WASN'T STANDARD ISSUE IN '45, WAS IT, GRUNT?





THE INFORMATION WAS **UPLOADED** INTO YOU, GRUNT. HALF YOUR BRAIN HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH A BIO-GENERATED MINI-COMPUTER.

"YOUR WHOLE PLATOON WAS WIPE OUT TO A MAN.

"THEY DECIDE THAT THIS TIME, A SPECIAL MEDICAL TEAM SHOULD GO IN AND CLEAN UP THE MESS.



"THEY SCRAPED YOU OFF THE BEACH WITH THE OTHERS.



"UNCLE SAM HAD DECIDED THAT HE STILL HAD A USE FOR YOU.



"SO HE TURNED YOU OVER TO THE DOC... AND PROJECT M."

PROJECT M PIECED YOU BACK TOGETHER PART BY PART. AND WHEN THEY COULDN'T FIND PARTS, THEY MADE NEW ONES.



"THEY COULDN'T
REVIVE THE OTHER
MARINES."

"FOR YEARS THEY TRIED, BUT
FOR SOME REASON YOU WERE
THE ONLY ONE THEY WERE
SUCCESSFUL WITH."

"YOU WERE THE
ONLY ONE WHO
MADE IT,
SOLDIER."



THERE
WASN'T--

I SAID YOU WERE
THE ONLY ONE.

MADE ME SOME
KIND OF SPACE MAN?
LIKE BUCK ROGERS
OR SOMETHIN'?

YEAH.
SORT OF.
SURE.





GIL KANE

1926 – 2000

Gil Kane will probably be best remembered for his work on GREEN LANTERN.

When editor Julius Schwartz decided to reinvent the popular 1940s character for modern readers in 1959, he asked Gil to give the spacefaring hero a new costume. As Gil later said, he was “trying for a balance between power and lyricism.” Most comics readers would agree that he achieved that balance, brilliantly, and gave artists who came after him a new way to think about super-hero raiment.

That was one of his achievements. But just one.

Other comics fans remember Gil’s work on Marvel’s *Spider-Man*, and others still his work with writer Ron Goulart on the brilliantly innovative science fiction comic strip *Star Hawks*. In a career that spanned nearly 50 years Gil also drew westerns, humor, hard-boiled detectives, sword-and-sorcery, even adventurous dogs. There

was almost no kind of comic art he did not master.

But regardless of the genre, Gil Kane’s work was unmistakably his own; his style was distinctive and nearly inimitable. It combined grace, power and imagination with a sense of visual narrative that very few artists have ever achieved.

He was a superb draftsman. He was an even better storyteller. Those qualities made him a master of his chosen medium, comics.

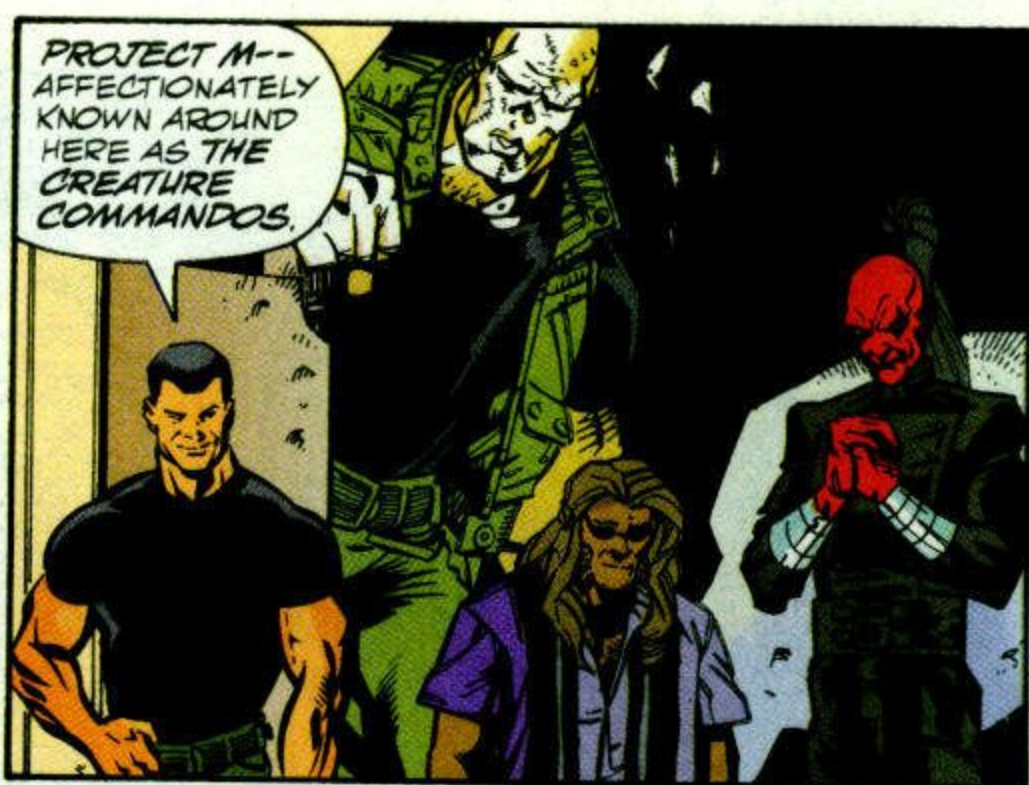
Personally, he was a delight. As anyone who ever heard him speak can testify, he was a wonderful conversationalist — a superb raconteur with a wide range of enthusiasms and an awesome memory.

Gil died on January 31, 2000. Those of us who knew him are mourning, of course. But we can be thankful that, although Gil himself is gone, we have all those years of splendid work to remind us of him, and to enjoy.

• Dennis O’Neil
February, 2000



YOU'RE ONE OF US
NOW, GRUNT. JUST
ANOTHER WEIRDO IN
DOC'S CRAZY LITTLE
SPOOK HOUSE.



PROJECT M--
AFFECTIONATELY
KNOWN AROUND
HERE AS THE
CREATURE
COMMANDOS.



CAPTAIN, ATEN
NEEDS YOU IN
TRANS-D.

MYRRA'S
BACK.



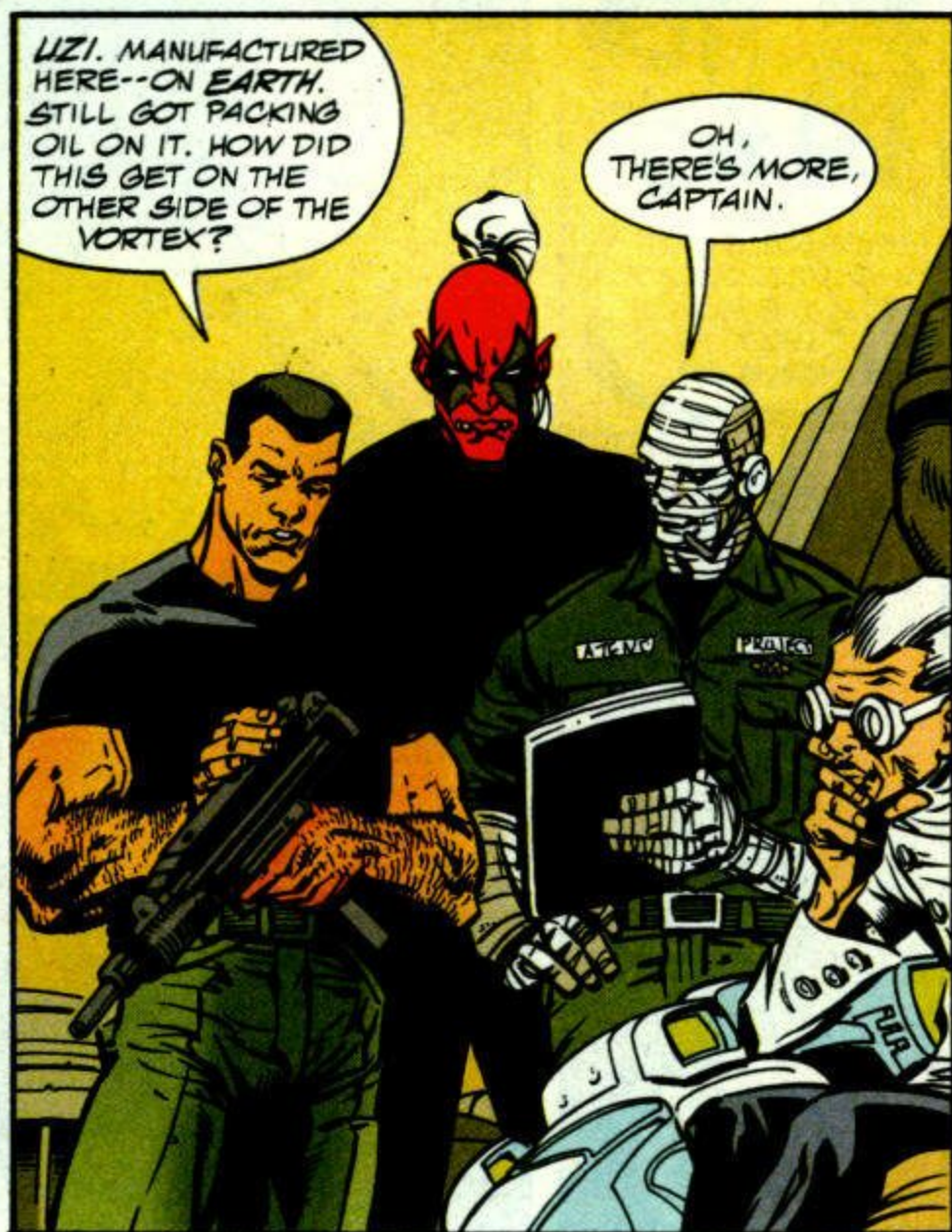
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE. SHE
WAS MILES AWAY
FROM THE PICKUP
POINT LAST TIME
SHE SIGNALLED.!

NONETHELESS,
SHE IS HERE--
AND NOT IN THE
BEST OF SHAPE.



AH! CAPTAIN
HUNTER! OUR
DEAR MEDUSA
HAS RETURNED,
IT SEEMS.

I HAVE
EYES, DOC.
HOW IS
SHE?



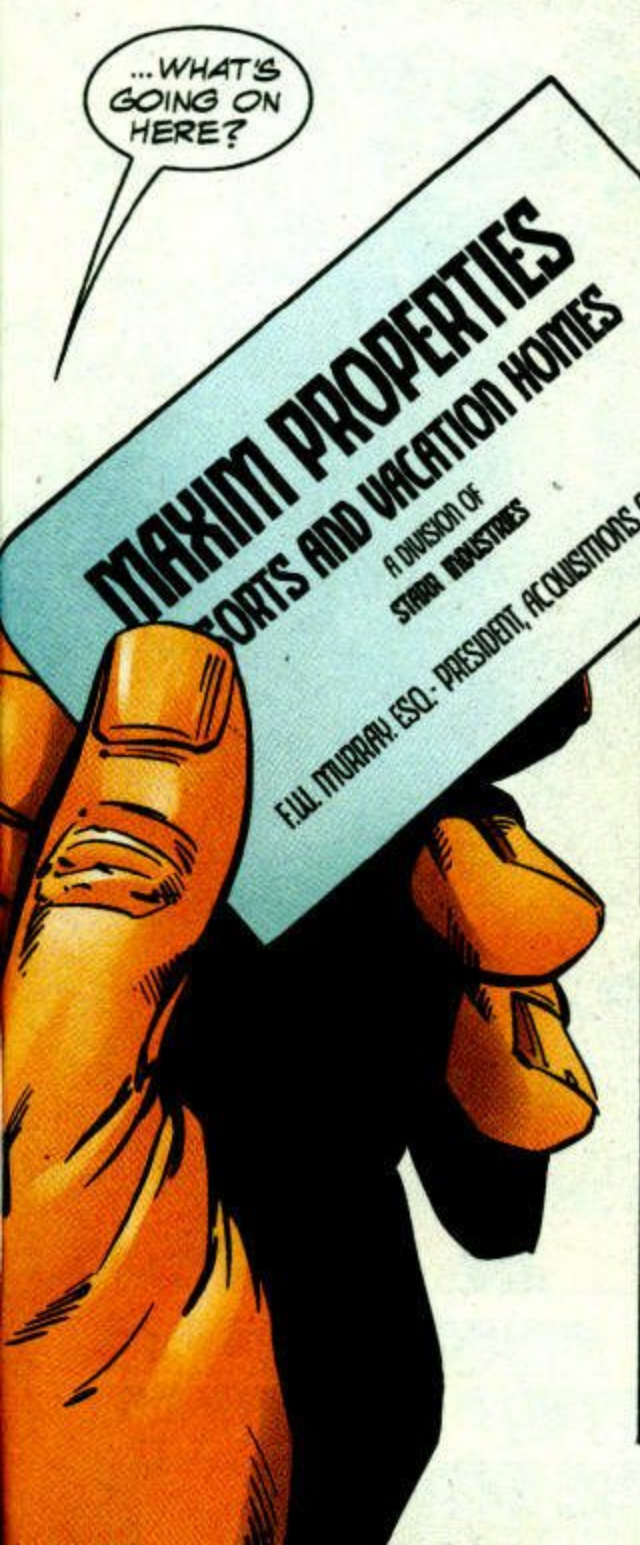


A LAPTOP?

TOP OF
THE LINE, SIR--
AND MADE IN
JAPAN!



HOLY
CROW...



...WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

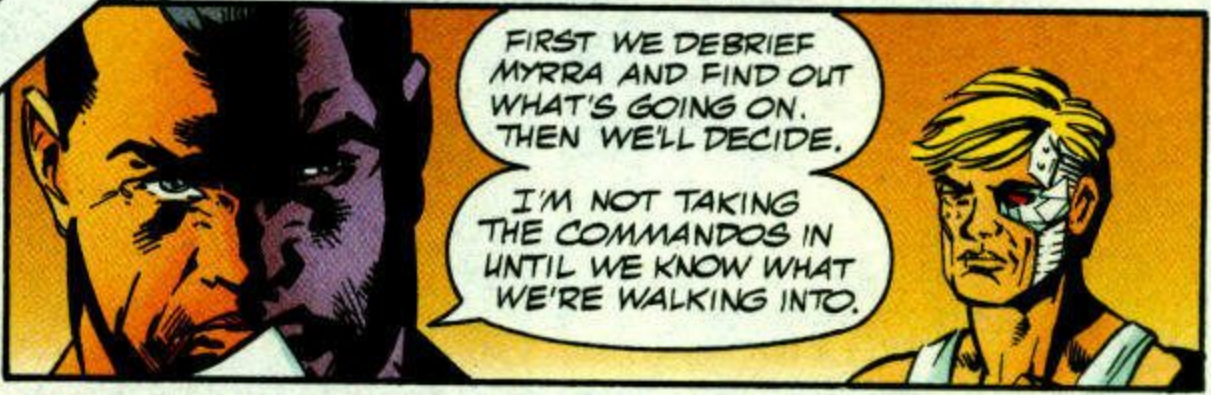
MAXIM PROPERTIES
SPORTS AND VACATION HOMES
A DIVISION OF
STARR INDUSTRIES

FULL MURRAY, ESQ. - PRESIDENT, ACQUISITIONS OPERATIONS



CHANGE
IN E.T.A.,
SKIPPER?
SHOULD WE
SADDLE
UP?

AFFIRMATIVE. THIS
WOULD BE MOST
ADVISABLE, CAPTAIN
HUNTER.



FIRST WE DEBRIEF
MYRRA AND FIND OUT
WHAT'S GOING ON.
THEN WE'LL DECIDE.

I'M NOT TAKING
THE COMMANDOS IN
UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT
WE'RE WALKING INTO.



THEN
WHAT? WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

GUESS THE DOC
DIDN'T DOWNLOAD
THAT FILE, HUH,
MARINE? WELL, KEEP
YER DRAWERS ON.
YOU'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH.



NEXT:
DEAD CENTER,
DEEP AS DEATH